AMERICAN LANCASTER GAZETTE.

"PLACE NONE BUT AMERICANS ON GUARD."—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

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CITY OF LANCASTER.

Thursday Morning, Aug. 23, 1855

(From the Commercial Aurora.

What the Breezes Say.

BY ANSIE.

Oh what do the breezes say, mother,
The warm, sweet breezes say?
I've heard them a whispering 'mid the trees,
All of this sunny day.
And the leaves keep nodding their glossy heads,
The soft and velvet grass
Wears brighter hue, and the flowers look up
And smile as the breezes pass.

Gay butterflies flit from flower to flower,
On wings all starred with gold,
And the meadows are spread with a carpet green
Most beautiful to behold.
And the richest perfume goes floating by,
And the wild birds songs are gay.
I'm sure a sweet story the breezes tell,
Dear mother—what do they say?

They say that Summer has come, my child,
So sweet Summer has come to reign,
And has called the flowers from the dark, cold earth,
To fill and beauty again.
Has wooed the birds from Southern climes,
And now from grove and hill
Their glad sweet gushing melodies
Our souls with gladness thrill.

The rivulets laugh in the sunshine bright,
Free from their icy chain,
And the honey bee leaves its busy hive,
To greet the blossoms again.
And butterflies glance on starry wings,
Nor fear the Winter's cold,
And roses are blooming in gardens sweet,
Most beautiful to behold.

The skies are blue, for the summer sky
Seldom wanteth a cloud,
Or rare are the shadows in Summer time,
That doth its rich beauties shroud.
They have come again, the sunny days,
Clothed in beauty sublime,
Flinging a halo o'er Nature's brow,
She weareth no other time.

And smiles return to the face of the poor
For visions of happier hours,
Come crowding along with the glorious train
Of sunshine, birds and flowers.
And as many feel the cheering warmth
Of the sunshine's genial rays,
Blessings ascend to the Hand that sends
The warm, sweet Summer days.
This is the beautiful story, my child,
The whispering breezes tell,
And as our souls list to the glowing words,
With joy and rapture swell.

THE MARRIAGE CRUCIBLE.

A Thrilling Tale of High and Low Life.

Those of our readers who have ever seen acted, or have read, the beautiful modern drama of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, "The Lady of Lyons," needs look no further than the following sketch for a foundation:

I was born in one of those little hamlets situated in the neighborhood of Montelmart, in the South of France. My father had made many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource in his old age arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of bellows-mending. This, too, was the humble profession which I desired to follow. Being endowed by nature with quick and with lively faculties of both mind and body, I soon grew skillful in my trade, and having an ambitious spirit, set off for Lyons to prosecute my calling there. I was so far successful that I became a great favorite with chambermaids, who were my chief employers, and whom my good looks and youth interested in my favor.

One evening, however, as I was returning home after my day's round, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who threw out a few pleasantries on my profession, which I answered in a style of good humored raillery that seemed to surprise and please them. I saw them look significantly at one another, and heard them say "this is our man." The words alarmed me, but my fears were speedily dissipated.

"Rouperon," said one, "you shall sup with us. We have a scheme which may do you good. If you do not agree to it we shall not harm you, but only ask you to keep our secret. Do not be afraid but come with us."

Seeing all of them to be gentlemen in appearance, I did not hesitate to accept the offer; they conducted me through a number of cross streets, and at last entered a handsome house, in an apartment of which we found six other young men, who appeared to have been waiting impatiently for my conductors. A few explanatory words passed respecting me, and soon afterwards we sat down to supper. Being young, thoughtless and light-hearted, I gave way to the enjoyment of the hours, and vented a succession of pleasantries, which seemed highly to please my chance companions. But they all grew thoughtful and silent ere long, and finally one of them addressed me thus:

"The ten persons whom you see before you," said he, "are all citizens of Lyons. We are all in good circumstances, and make a very handsome living by our occupation. We are all attached to one another, and formed a happy society, till love stepped in to disturb us. In the street of St. Dominic, there lives a picture merchant, a man of respectable station, but otherwise an ordinary personage. He has, however, a daughter, a creature possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, but whose amiable qualities are shaded by one defect—pride, insupportable pride. As an example of the way in which this feeling has led her to treat others, I will own that I myself paid my addresses to her, and was approved by her father, as one by birth and circumstances much her superior. But what was the answer which the insolent girl gave to my suit? Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me, was born for nothing better than to be the wife of an engraver?"

"Her great pride and charms have been equally felt by us all,' continued the speaker, 'we hold that she has cast a slur both on us and our profession. We, therefore, have resolved to show this disdainful girl that she has not indeed been born to the honor of being the wife of an engraver.—Now, will you, (addressing me,) venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only her pride mortified, and her vanity punished?'

'Yes,' I answered, spurred on by the excitement of the moment; 'I comprehend what you would have me to do, and I will fulfill it in such a manner that you will have no reason to blush for your pupil.'

The three months which followed this strange scene, were wholly occupied with preparation for the part I was to perform. Preserving the strictest possible secrecy, the confederates did their best to transform me from a plain bellows mender into a fine gentleman. Bathing, hair-dressers, &c., brought my person to a fitting degree of refinement, while every day one or the other of the engravers devoted himself to the task of teaching me music, drawing and other accomplishments, and nature had furnished me with a disposition to study, and a memory so retentive that my friends were astonished at the progress of their disciple.

Thoughtless of all else, I felt the deepest delight in acquiring these new rudiments of education. But the time came when I was to be made sensible for the first time, of the true nature of the task I had entered upon. The confederates at length thought me perfect; and in the character of the rich Marquis of Rouperon, proprietor of the large estates in Dauphiny, I was installed in the first hotel in Lyons. It was under this title I presented myself to the picture dealer in St. Dominic street. I made a few purchases from him, and seemed anxious to purchase more. After a little intercourse of this kind, he sent me word one morning that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome, and begged me to call and see them. I did so, and was received, not by him, but by Aurora. This was the first sight I had got of that lovely girl, and for the first time in my life, my young and palpitating heart felt the power of beauty.

A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The fair Aurora perceived her triumph, & seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny forever. The intoxication of enjoying her presence hurried me on, blind to everything else. For several months I saw her every day, and enjoyed a state of happiness only dampened by the self-accusing torments of solitary hours, and of the necessity I was under of regularly meeting my employers, who furnished me with money, jewels, and every thing I could require. At length Aurora's father gave a little fete in the country, of which I was evidently the hero. A moment occurred in which, thoughtless of all but my love, I threw myself a suitor at her feet. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only emotion which agitated her heart—yes, I discovered that I was beloved.

I was an imposter, but Heaven is my witness, I deceived her not without remorse. In her presence I remembered nothing but herself; but in the stillness of solitude, sophistry and passion disappeared, leaving a dreadful perspective before me. When I associated the idea of Aurora with the miserable fate which was soon to fall upon her, when I figured to myself her delicate hands employed in preparing the coarsest nourishment, I shrank back with horror, or started up covered with cold perspiration. But self-love would come to my aid and I thought if she truly loved me, she might yet be happy. I would devote my life, I swore, to the task of strewing flowers along her path. But all my hopes, all my fears cannot be told. Suffice it to say, that her father believed me when I represented my estate as being in Dauphiny, a distant province. I would not allow a farthing of Aurora's portion to be settled otherwise than on herself. So there was one baseness of which I was not guilty.

We were married. At the altar a shivering ran through my veins, a general trepidation seized my whole frame, and I should inevitably have sunk to the earth in a flood of tears had not some one come to my rescue. The silly crowd around mistook the last cry of expiring virtue for excess of sensibility.

A fortnight after the marriage, as had been arranged by my employers, at whose mercy I was, we started to Montelmart, my unfortunate bride believing we were going to a far different place. Several of the engravers were themselves our attendants, disguised and acting as courtiers to our magnificant equipage. The awful moment of exposure arrived, and when it did come, it proved more terrible than ever I had anticipated. The engravers caused the carriage to be drawn up before a mean and miserable cottage, at the door of which sat my humble and venerable father. Now came the awful disclosure. The poor, deceived and surprised Aurora was handed out. The engravers came up, pulled off their disguises, and he whom Aurora so pointedly refused, exclaimed to her:

"No, madam, no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honor to you. A bellows-member is worthy of you, and such is he whom you have made your husband!"

Poor Aurora scarcely heard what had been said. The truth had flashed upon her, and she sank back in a swoon. Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from my late life. At that cruel moment I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, and of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, yet almost wishing that those cares might be unavailing. She recovered at length her senses, but the moment her frenzied eye met mine, "Monster!" she exclaimed, and again became insensible. I profited by her condition to remove her from the sight of those who had gathered around, & to place her on an humble straw couch. Here I remained beside her till she opened her eyes; mine shrunk from their glances. The first use she made of speech was to interrupt the broken accents of her love which fell from my lips, and to beg to be left alone for a time. The niece of the curate of the parish, however, who chanced to be by, remained beside her, for she was but eighteen, and seemed glad of her attentions.

How shall I described the horrible night which I passed? It was not on my own account that I suffered or feared. She alone was in my thoughts. I dreaded above all, for my love was still predominant, to see that heart alienated whose tenderness was necessary to my existence, to read coolness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. But could it be otherwise? Had I not basely, vilely, darkened all the prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable shame and anguish? That night was a punishment which would have almost wiped out my lesser sin. Frequently, it may be believed, I sent to know how Aurora was. She was calm, they told me; and, indeed, to my surprise, she entered in the morning the room where I was. She was pale, but collected. I fell before her on the ground but spoke not.

'You have deceived me,' said she. 'It is on your future conduct that my forgiveness must depend. Do not take advantage of the power you have usurped. The niece of the curate has offered me an asylum. There I will remain until this matter can be thought of calmly.

Alas! these were soothing but deceitful words! Within a day or two after this event, the interval of which I spent in forming wild hope for the future, I received at once two letters. The first was from the engravers, the cause of my exaltation and fall. They wrote to me that my "acquaintance had begot in them a friendship for me; that they had each originally subscribed a certain sum for the execution of their plot; that they would supply me with money and everything necessary for my entering into some kind of business, and insuring the creditable support of myself and Aurora." The other letter was from Aurora. 'Some remains of pity,' she said, 'which I feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct, induce me to inform you that I am in Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your presence; but you will do well to hold yourself in readiness to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found out which will do me justice and break the chain in which you have bound your victim.'

I hurried to the curate's, but could learn nothing of Aurora's retreat, although I become assured that the curate and his niece, despising his condition, had been the urgent advisers of the step Aurora had taken. I then hastened to Lyons, where the affair had now created a sensation, and saw only the engravers, who, notwithstanding the base plot which they had through me effected, were men of not ungenerous dispositions. As they had driven me out of my former means of livelihood, I conceived myself at liberty to accept a sum which they offered me to enter into trade with.—They advised me how to dispose of it at once, and without trouble to me, augmented it greatly.

Meanwhile the father of Aurora had made every preparation for annulling the marriage. This could not be done but by publicly detailing the treachery which had been practiced. Never, perhaps, was a court house more crowded than that of Lyons, on the day of which the case was heard. Aurora herself appeared, and riveted the eyes of all present, not to speak of my own. Unknown and unseen I shrunk into a corner like a guilty thing. The counsel of Aurora stated the case, and pleaded the victim's cause with so much eloquence as to draw tears from many eyes. No counsel arose for me, and Aurora, who merely sought a divorce, without desiring to inflict that punishment which she might easily have brought down on the offender, would at once have gained the suit, had not one man arisen to speak for me. It was one of the engravers, the one who had been refused, as mentioned, by Aurora.—He made a brief pleading for me, he praised my character, he showed and confessed how I had been tempted and how I fell.—At last he concluded by addressing Aurora:

"Yes, madam," said he, 'laws may declare that you are not his wife, but you have been the wife of his bosom. The contract may be annulled, and no stain may rest upon you. But the stain may be cast upon another. Can you, will you, throw the blot of illegitimacy upon one even more innocent than yourself?"

The appeal was understood, and it was not in vain. The trembling Aurora exclaimed:

'No! no!' and the tears fell fast as she spoke.

The marriage was not annulled. But while the contract (which I had signed with my own name, believed by them to be the family name of the Marquis de Rouperon,) was declared valid, it was also determined that Aurora should remain unmolested by the adventurer who had so far deceived her, and every legal precaution was taken that I should have no control over her or her affairs.

After the event I did not remain long in Lyons, where I had heard my name branded everywhere with infamy. Master, by the means I have related, of a considerable sum, I went to Paris, where I assumed a foreign name. I entered into business, and more to drown remembrance than for any other cause, pursued it with an ardor which few have evinced under like circumstances. The wildest speculations were those that attracted me most, and fortune favored me in a most remarkable way. I became the head of a flourishing commercial house; and ere five years passed away had amassed considerable wealth. At times, however, the remembrance of my wife threw me into fits of anguish and despair. I dared not think, nevertheless, of attempting to go near, until it chanced that I had it in my power materially to serve a banker in Lyons, who pressed me much to pay him a visit. After much uneasiness and anxiety, I resolved to accept the invitation. Once more I entered Lyons, and on this occasion with an equipage that was not borrowed, though as handsome as my former one. My friend, the banker, on being questioned, told me that Aurora still lived in the convent, and was admired for her reserved propriety of conduct, and for her unremitting attention to her child, her boy; but he told me that her father had just died, leaving her almost dependent upon the charity of the abbess. The recital excited in me the most lively emotions. I took an opportunity, soon afterwards, of visiting one of the engravers, who scarcely knew me, so changed was I, but who received me warmly. I requested him to assemble the creditors of the father of Aurora, and to pay his debts, giving him funds to do so. I told him to purchase some pieces of furniture, which I knew to be prized by Aurora.

Every hour of my stay in Lyons, strengthened my desire to see my wife, and, at least, to fold my boy in my arms. My feelings became at length irresistible, and I revealed myself to the banker, beseeching him to find some way to take me to the convent—his astonishment to find me the poor, much-spoken of bellows-mender, was beyond description. Happily acquainted with the abbess, he assured me that it was easy for me at least to obtain a sight of my wife. Ere an hour had passed away, my friend had taken me there. I was introduced as a Parisian merchant, and beheld with ineffable emotion my wife seated in the convent parlor, with a lovely child asleep on her knee, in conversation with her venerable friend. Aurora, not twenty-three years of age, seemed to me more lovely that ever. I had purposely wrapped myself up closely, and she knew me not, though I perceived an involuntary start when she first saw me, as if my presence reminded her of some once familliar object. I could not speak! my friend maintained all the conversation. But the boy awoke. He saw strangers present, and descended from his mother's knee.—Looking at myself and friend for a moment, he came forward to me. Oh! what were my feelings when I found myself covered with the sweet caresses, the innocent kisses of my child! An emotion which I had no power to subdue, and rising hastily, I threw myself, with my child in my arms, at the feet of my pale and trembling wife.

"Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed in broken accents, "your child claims from you a father! Oh! pardon! pardon!"

The child clasped her knees, and seemed to plead with me. Aurora seemed ready to faint. Her lips quivered, and her eye was fixed, as if in stupor, upon me; a flow of tears came to her relief, and she answered my appeal by throwing herself into my arms.

"I know not," she sobbed, whether you again decieve me; but your child pleads too powerfully. Aurora is yours."

This event closes my history.

I found Aurora much improved by adversity, and have tasted a degree of happiness with her, such as no penitence for past offences could ever make me deserving of. Only one incident in my history, after my reconciliation with Aurora, seems to be worthy of attention. I took my son and her with me to Paris; but at the same time, seeing it to be my wife's wish, I bought a small country house for her near Lyons. Sometimes we spend a few weeks there, and on one occasion she invited me to go down with her to be present at a fete, for which she had made preparation. Who were our guests? The ten engravers, who were the cause of all that had passed! It was indeed a day of pride to me, when I heard Aurora thank them for the happiness, which, under the agency of a wonder working Providence, they had been the means of conferring upon her.

A Young Man's Character.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value, will sport with his own character. A wateful regard to his own character in early youth, will be of conceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of department, he should ask himself, can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look back upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind, for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chastened, and elevating. Thus the mind hath in its own power the selections of its themes of meditation. If youth only know how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thoughts—it they only realized how frightful were the moral depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of a serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination, is a fearful element of moral death when employed in the service of vice.

The cultivation of an amiable, elevated and glowing heart, alive to all the beauties of nature and all the sublimities of truth, invigorates the intellect, gives to the will independence of baser passions, and to the affections that power of adhesion to [illegible] ever is pure, good, and grand, which is adapted to lead out the whole nature of man into those scenes of action and impression by which its energies may be most appropriately employed, and by which its high destination may be most effectually reached.

The opportunities of exciting these faculties in benevolent and self denying efforts for the welfare of our fellow men, are so many and great that it really is worth while to live. The heart which is truly evangelically benevolent, may luxuriate in an age like this. The promises of God are inexpressibly rich, the main tendencies of things so manfestly in accordance with them, the extent of moral influence is so great, and the effects of its employment so visible, that whoever aspires after benevolent actions, and reaches forth to those things that remain for us, to the true dignity of his nature, can find free scope for his intellect, and all aspiring themes for the heart.

ANECDOTE OF THE IRON DUKE.—I heard a story the other day—a story with a great name to it. You know that Mr. John Wilson Croker (I need not explain that his is not the great name) was, while an active man of the world, an energetic talker, who generally conveyed the impression that he believed nobody except himself understood anything and that it was his mission to set the world right. He talked—as he wrote—in *italics* and SMALL CAPITALS. Sometimes he pushed his oracleship rather far, as upon the occasion in question. At a dinner party, at which the late Duke of Wellington was present, Croker got into an argument with somebody about some details in the battle of Waterloo. He was, as usual, very positive and determined, and two or three times the Duke who wished to put him right, tried to come in, but Croker's oratory would brook no stop, and, quite unconsciously, of course, he checked off the Duke with that admonitory gesture of the hand with which one desires a person not to interrupt one. So the Duke was obedient, and ate his dinner. The Waterloo debate ended, and another got up between Croker and some other person, about percussion caps and their introduction into the army. Again Croker was positive and vehement, and the Duke again had something to say. He was at first checked, but at last thought he had a right to be heard on this matter.

"No, no, Croker," he broke in vigorously; "I *will* speak. I mayn't know much about the battle of Waterloo; but I *do* know something about copper caps."

☞ Love is necessary to a woman's heart as a fashionable bonnet to her head. Indeed, we think rather more so; for nothing less than a large measure of love will content her, whereas the recent fashion has shown that she can be satisfied with a very little bonnet. It is undoubtedly a scandalous observation, but a modern philosopher has remarked, and we give the aphorism for what it is worth, that 'love is so essential to the very life of a woman that in celibacy she is unhappy without a lover, and after marriage, if she is so unfortunate as not to love her husband, she is pretty certain to love—somebody else's!'

What Constitutes Riches.

We are indebted to a friend in Washington City for the following very forcible illustration of "what constitutes riches."—We need not add that the anecdote is entirely authentic.

"To be rich" said Mr. Marcy, our worthy Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of the mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another in possession of millions, may think himself poor; and, as the necessaries of life are enjoyed by each, it is evident that the man who is the best satisfied with his possessions is the richer."

To illustrate this idea, Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote:

"While I was Governor of the State of New York," said he, "I was called upon one morning at my office, by a rough specimen of a backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring "if this was Mr. Marcy?"

I replied that was my name.

"Bill Marcy?" said he.

I nodded assent.

"Used to live in Southport, did'nt ye?"

I answered in the affirmative, and began to feel a little curious to know who my visitor was, and what he was driving at.

"That's what I told 'em," cried the backwoodsman, bringing his hand down on his thigh with tremendous force: "I told 'em you was the same old Bill Marcy who used to live in Southport, but they would'nt believe it, and I promised the next time I came to Albany to come and see you and find out for sartain. Why, you know me, don't you Bill?"

I didn't exactly like to ignore his acquaintance altogether, but for the life of me I couldn't recollect ever having seen him before; and so I replied that he had a familiar countenance, but that I was not able to call him by name.

"My name is Jack Smith," answered the backwoodsman, "and we used to go to school together thirty years ago, in the little red school house in old Southport.—Well, times has changed since then and you have become a great man, and got rich, I suppose."

I shook my head, and was going to contradict that impression, when, he broke in:

"O yes you are; I know you are rich; no use denying it. You was Comptroller—for a long time; and the next we heard of you, you were Governor. You must have made a heap of money, and I am glad of it, glad to see you getting along so smart. You was always a smart lad at school, and I knew you would come to something."

I thanked him for his good wishes and opinion, but told him that political life did not pay as well as he imagined. "I suppose," said I, "fortune has smiled upon you since you left Southport?"

"Oh, yes," said he, "I hain't got nothing to complain of. I must say, I've got along right smart. You see, shortly after you left Southport, our whole family moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon our family cut down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State."

"And you have made a good thing out of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, and as he seemed so well satisfied with his.

"Well," he replied, "I don't know exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid, I should be worth three hundred dollars clean cash!"

And he was rich, for he was satisfied.—*Knick. Magazine.*

Beautiful Sentiment.

The beautiful extract below is from the pen of Hon. Geo. S. Hilliard:

I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for those who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven is said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth; and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arises from a superabundance of qualities in themselves, good—from conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I will not go so far as to say with a living poet, that the 'world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness or at least excellence, which 'die and make no sign;' there are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stakes; they are heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph.

☞ A commission was recently in session at Detroit, to settle the affairs of the Tawas, Chippeway and Ottawa Indians.—The Commission consisted of Geo. W. Manypenny, U. S. Indian Commissioner; H. C. Gilbert, Indian Agent; and J. L. Chapman Secretary, Augustus Hamilton, J. F. Godfrey and George Johnson interpreters. During the session an amusing incident occurred. On all sides of the commission was ranged the Indians, many of them showing something of intelligence and cultivation. Quite a number of spectators was present, and among others was Judge W——. His tall, well proportioned form was surrounded by a group of the tawny sons of America. A stranger in the back part of the room, said, pointing to the Judge, "*That tall Indian, with gold spectacles, looks intelligent. I should say he was half civilized.*"

TAKING A CHECK.

One seldom hears a good yarn now-a-days in these times of stirring events, when the papers are all filled up with 'wars, and rumors of wars.' But the following which we do not recollect to have ever seen in print, related by an old joker t'other day, is not bad. Some years ago there came to the tavern at—well no matter where—that's nobody's business—a pleasant sort of a body, and called for refreshments.—'Well landlord,' what have you got, rump steak, eh? oyster sauce, eh? bottle of sherry, goods eh?—well, send 'em up.'

Waiter said the traveler, coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin. 'Waiter, I am awkwardly situated.'

'Sir,' said the waiter expecting a love letter.

'I cannot pay you.'

'Sorry for that sir, I must call master.' (Enter Landlord.)

My good sir you see this is rather awkward—good dinner! capital! famous wine! glorious grog!—but no cash!

The Landlord looked blank.

'Pay next time—often come this road—done nothing to-day—good house—a great deal in the bill way.'

The landlord looked blue.

No difference to you, course?—pleasant house here—plenty of business—happy to take your order—long credit—good bill.

'There is my bill, sir—prompt payment—I pay as I go.'

'Ah, but I must go without paying.—Let us see—bill twelve shillings, let us have a pint of sherry together—make it, up two dollars—that will square it, so you wont be bothered to make change when I pay.'

'Sir, I say you are a swindler, sir, I will have my money.

'Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time exactly for I shall have to pass this road again.'

'None of that, sir; it won't do with me pay me my money or I'll kick you out.'

The stranger remonstrated—the landlord kicked him out.

'You will repent this,' said the stranger; and sure enough, the landlord did repent it. Three weeks after that day, punctual to his word, the same stranger re-entered the same tavern. The landlord looked very foolish—the stranger smiled and held out his hand—'I've come to pay you my bill as I promised.'

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his former rudeness—so many swindlers about, one never knows whom to trust; hoped the gentleman would pardon him.

'Never mind, landlord, but come; let's have some dinner together—let us be friends. What have you got, eh? a couple of prairie chickens, eh? nice little ham of your own curing? good greens from your own garden? famous bottle of sherry and two bottles of port;—waiter, this is excellent.'

Dinner passed over, the landlord bobed and nobbed with the stranger, they passed a pleasant afternoon. The landlord retired to attend to his avocation. The stranger finished his bomforter of brandy and water, and addressed the waiter.

'Waiter what is to pay.'

Two dollars and a quarter, including the former account.

'And half a dollar for yourself.'

'Makes two dollars and seventy-five cents, sir,' replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.

'Say three dollars, then,' said the stranger with a benevolent smile,' and call in your master.'

(Enter landlord smiling and looking hospitable.) 'Sorry you are going so soon, sir.'

The stranger merely said with a fierce look, 'I owed you twelve shillings three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of doors for it.'

The landlord began to apologise.

'No words sir, about it now; I owed you twelve shillings, and you kicked me out of the house for it. I now owe you three dollars, and (quietly turning aside his coat tail,) you must pay yourself in a check on the same bank, I have no money yet.'

Further the deponent saeth not.

LITIGATION.—The Southbridge Press gives an account of a curious case of legal litigation which has arisen in that town.—A Mr Monroe, while repairing the high way, dug up a pitchpine stump, and bought it from the owner, Mr Allen, for a meal of fish. Before he could take possession of his purchase, however, three Frenchmen appropriated it, and burned a portion of the property. Monroe called upon them to surrender the remainder. They refused. A law suit was brought. Five lawyers were engaged, and the defendants were sentenced to pay a fine of two dollars and costs. The defendants thereupon appealed, and the case now stands referred to the Court of Common Pleas, to be holden at Worcester, in September next.

RAISING THE ATLANTIC.—Mr. Green, the submarine diver, has arrived in town, and is receiving by express, a full equipment of sub-marine armor, which he intends to use in raising the Atlantic. Mr. Green has just returned from the Sandwich Islands, where he has had good success in finding treasures, which will enable him to undertake the task of raising the steamer Atlantic with his own means. He is confident he can succeed with his present apparatus, as he has been to the depth of 142 feet in salt water, and remained under one hour and a quarter.—*Buffalo Courier.*